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PREFACE

The poets presented in this volume are the best this school has ever featured. Nowhere but in **The Curry Journal** can you find a National Humanities Award winner for the short story, a one-time student of Robert Penn Warren, a sage from Gloucester with twenty-one books under his belt, and an eighteen year old girl gathering images for the first time in published print. The perspectives rendered are eclectic and of differing tone but they're here, on these pages, and for that reason I am proud.

I believe in the mystery of color and the might of design, and the fact that there is mystery in the etchings of the perceptive makes the might of their configurations more admirable. Never have I had such powerful and sensitive vibrations for a book of worded truths. My family is alive and breathing. The nourishment is in the vegetables. It's always been that way: Life from green life.

I have gathered my rosebuds and they are blooming within the covers of this book. Thank-you for myself. Much love to Curry, for it is in these woods I have discarded my shell.

John DeJesu

Poetry

Eric Sigler

The Magician

He was born in New York City.
He grew up in Roach's Den.
He was angry
With his fingers
So he learned
To use a wand.

He put starlight on his watchers
While he gathered towards a whirr
Which whispered,
Telepathicly,
Everything
He heard.

He moved out of time within it.
The space he laced was his.
The remote
Became the present
And the moment
Changed like fizz.

He was dancing on a light fleck
When a dust speck pressed him down.
He was sandwiched
Then grew smaller
Till the texture
Wove a town.

Antonio Alfredo Giarraputo

Epitaph: for an unknown soldier

St. Lo, Normandy, 17.VII.44

FIRST OF THE FALLEN ANGELS I HAVE
KNOWN, I came upon you in obscurity,
and found your arms embracing all the sky
as life escaped you. In the midst of dull,
engulfing battle thunder and black flame,
this peace is terrible. Your eyes are glacial
lakes; your lips are dry: you are still beautiful.

I twist my helmeted neck to meet your gaze,
but stand dark, unreflected in those lakes
now frozen by an age which has no end.

I bow and hover, too afraid to touch,
unable to breathe life on wrinkling lips,
to bid them trouble and return to pain.

I bend to drink your death, and dumbly wish
to halve my useless living and to share
what I have too much of, if you have none.

Vincent Ferrini

Quarrel

My head is a ball of lead.
I move in blind melancholy
With tongue glued to silence
Mutely alive and dead

The day broke in two
And the parts are the wound,
My moths died in your red
Joy and killed the joy
And your thoughts became a peasant's shawl
Over singing shoulders

Molasses chokes the floor
No word is said
Your wings are broken
And you become me
Suffering like a bird trying to fly
Not knowing why.
Your youth stuck in mud.

My legs feel like Socrates'
After he drank the hemlock.

Light is in the way
You are a thorn in my vein,
The paintings upside down,
Nerves tied to a knot,
And I am in the way of myself.

Molasses reach my knees
Time is a splinter in my eye
The bed a stone in my windpipe.
I am the snow
With sparrow's footmarks
Wanting to be the sparrow.

Frances M. Kohak

Flight

All things conspire to demonstrate
Their own congruencies.
So windows on sun-flooded clouds,
Are studded with snow crystals' symmetry.
And then, as we descend,
The melting crystals fall into the sea,
Disperse -
Half east, half west,
Toward you, toward me.

On a Golden Sphynx

You, silent, always questioning, are matter,
Are woman questioning an Oedipus,
Who comes with intellect and force -
Not seeing you within himself -
And brings a plague upon the city.

Tree House

The maple stirs and sings with birds,
With grackles, starlings, blackbirds, crows -
Black fellows all.
Near mid-air matings, nests pack down
Where red-wing blackbirds tug at twigs.
Each window of the empty house
Is mirroring that tree.
It quivers in the sun.

NO

Sondra Jane Imhoff

1977-1978

Today was to remind me of last year.
Some faces are still here, and some faces have left us to find different goals.
I came here for special education needs that no other college could give me.
Some will leave us in one year, and others don't know how many years they might have to stay.
Two faces that I know are so near together but the faces are going into different directions.
It's ok, because they care too much for each other as my perspective sees.
They don't want to disturb each other's directions.
One will depart this school year and one will stay behind to develop at Curry College.

Michael Sullivan

The Crime of the Ancient Barrier

Numbers, numbers, everywhere,
And all are bored, they stink;
Numbers, numbers, everywhere,
Nor any thought to think.

Our very speech is wrought: O Triste!
That ever this should be!
These wily things, they are all dregs,
And O so wily be.

Karl Kildahl

A Fiddler's Green

A thirty foot schooner
Three masts standing tall
A thought with a friend
We had last fall
A dream to sail
A Fiddler's Green

We would listen
To Irish music
By Clancy and all
And drink good beer
When we hear port call

A cargo of lumber
With men and a cook
Starting in Maine
Sailing past Sandy Hook
Run with the wind
With spray in my face
And dance with women
When we come to our place

No engine, no gas, no oil will we burn
Sailing a wave
Staying clear of the curl
Past Bermuda and Georgia
We'll dance to the South
With the wind and the water
Telling us where we're about

Blue water and sun
Will tell us to stop
Unloading our lumber
Replacing it with stout

Come sail the coast
On a Fiddler's Green
Someday we'll sail
Not only a...dream.

Laurie Jenks

Breath deeply my love
and let your heart shine,
for you,
are my soul inspiration
and my key for the future.
Engulf me in your being
where troubles are few
and pleasure is free
and everlasting.

Peggy Doyle

Behind the shadow of the curtain.
Stealing the coolness of your pillow.
Taking away sleep - what sleep there is.
Knowing the unspoken and fearing the unknown.
There is nothing more to say.
Only the eternal why.

Truth - I find it in your eyes.
Without the expression of words.
Beauty - In the sound of your first cry.
And in the expulsion of your last breath.

Bill Littlefield

Craryville, N.Y.

Any dog might have discovered it;
yours was more tractable than most,
but wrestled with the taste and scent
and growled, and whimpered later in the house.

I don't know anything about deer,
could scarcely tell the torn side
from what must have been - hacked clear
off - the head end - or buried deeper in the ice.

What hunter would aim so small, or leave such
scrap, such evidence of compromise with cold
and time? Maybe the loggers, hired by a man
too much
concerned with clearing what he'd just as
soon've sold.

The loggers would have left it lie
to freeze hard and be discovered, the prize
of this transformed housedog. "Look," you cry,
as he paws and circles back, "how bright his
eyes."

"You know what they say." (Of course I don't.)
"Once they get the taste of deer, they'll chase
them, always." I nod. Whether this city mutt
will or won't
is beyond this city boy, but I see something
further in your face.

Earlier, we have watched through the
morning snow,
the gray light, while other dogs, the initiate,
have tracked across the hillside, then beside
the edge of the road,
toward the break in the woods where the
deer will wait

for dusk in their trip for water. "Those dogs
are fair game.

They've run down deer, the hunters know
them by sight.
The rule up here "is they'll be shot." There
came
a silence. I heard the rifle crack, pictured each
dog shot in flight.

Has your curious mongrel, flop-eared, horny,
bought
with intimations of mortality in cold meat his
own
cold death on the snowy hillside? Has he
caught
you in the dream of a dark night, calling him,
alone?

Summer Semester, Beacon St.

In college, in summer, on the second floor,
In the hall up the stairs through an open door,
You can hear four teachers droning at once as
They babble at students whom they treat as
dunces,
Over the trucks, and the street, and the roar.

"I strongly suggest that by early next week..."
"Turn the page, everyone, check the payroll
sheet."
"Fishing, timber, and ballclubs are tax write-
offs here."
"4, 6, 81, 38...is that clear?"
"Who's absent? Votaglio? Fowler? Potweet?"

Show up any week night but Friday and see
Where the future of school for the people
might be;
Without costly books and without registration -
No need to bring apples, no administration;
Stay out in the hall...twelve "credits" for free.

Second Wind

(Part two of a three part poem entitled "On the Anniversary of the Discovery of a Suicide")

To end your life
Is to render irrelevant
All the nettles and stings:

That's simple.

But to hang yourself on the back porch,
The length of rope calculated
With precision enough
To impress the examining physician;

To present yourself turning lazily
At just dark,
The bare bulb in the back hall -
Glare enough to obscure
Your distorted reflection in the glass...,

"I can't have seen what I think I've seen."

To walk back and forth,
Living room to porch,
How many times?
Talking yourself out of it,
And into it.

Death's grim preliminary.

We will sit weeks over coffee,
Reconstructing those steps,
To decide, finally,
It's not death that's undone us,

But the dangling surprise.

John Allen

An Imbalance

In the back of your mind
  try to imagine a perfect world -
  how things would be set.
    Yes, all arranged.

Would people work their lives away for
      satisfaction?
Would people run old and lonely and washed
      away?

We once had a chance
  to let ourselves dance,
  but greed took it all away.

There's a price we'll pay someday
  and time will show it -
  When technology's technology
    demands what we can't say,
  Then my friends,
      yes then,
  you'll surely know it.

The foundation wasn't set right, therefore,
  every block we lay,
miscoincides with nature.
  Her walls crack pale and grey.

I sincerely pray our children's children
  complication out the mess,
As we shelve ourselves in rocking chairs.
  With the blame across our chests.

By nineteen hundred and seventy nine,
    we decisively need natural design,
  Before we lead ourselves off blind.

For complication thrives with time.

Candlelight and Music

Gently the music swirls,

the soft lights illuminating
every sound and every word she makes.

People saunter about,

experiencing the joy and sorrow
of her torment.

Her long golden hair,

Hangs to the fingers that move
and carress her guitar, weeping.

And the songs that she sings,

Are the ballads of love
that persuade our souls to endure.

Monique Y. Johnson

It Is No Effort

It is no effort
For you to charm me to the teeth
I doubt you even are aware

That I salvage things you say
Greedily hide them
And bring them out again at night, when
I'm alone
To smile myself to sleep.

It is no effort
For you to melt my heart away
I save your pain, because I have to,
And though I don't know why
I bring that out as well, from time to time.

Did you know
That I wear your love like a woolen scarf,
Your moans like a lump in my stomach
Did you know

Yesterday I learned
That you could kill me if you wanted to
That you could kill me without knowing it?
A word, a look, or likelier, a silence,
You wouldn't see

Until, a few hours later,
I would drop
Stone cold and stiff as wood
With Rigormortis

There is
A long deep river that reminds me
That you are dangerous to touch or hold
But I am caught and tired
And safe and warm.
You hold my hair and force me into life

You are
    too long, too soft
    too beautiful
    to walk away from.

You are
too open-eyed, too brave, too clean
too full of pain
to ever be forgotten.

I wish that I
Were solid-brown and tight
As glass-eyed as a careless forest creature.

R. R. Pauley, Jr.

Sonnet Under the Door

Endymion, whose timeless rest endures the
the paling death
Betrays the ache, the fall, the hallowed duties
of all man
While reeds around him cloak his silent,
whispered youthful breath
The scythe above him wishes sure: earth's cold
and endless plan -
Until the muse is called by Jove's impatient
start
To shake this sleeping boy, for fear that he
outlive his God -
And with a solemn stoop she passes eyes and
casts for heart
So pure to match this boy whom life had long
since failed to shod,
And search she does through lands so lost,
through barreness and pity,
Through earth's chagrin, past pious gold was
spun from man's despair
Past all the women of the world; every corner's
city
Until at loss, she damned this earth unfit
beyond unfair
And dreading to stir him, she lapsed into a
plaintive weep
And saw that all of life doth not surpass the
sweetest sleep.

K. L. Hunter

Sonnet Under the Door - Answered

The muse-turned-tree stretches unsated arms
Grown stiff and knotted - to sleeping Endymion.
She gropes to touch his perfect form,
To wake him from his eternal affliction
Of languid slumber. Her branches bend -
To caress his temple with a breeze - a sigh
Of willingness to unfold herself and extend
Affection, hoping his heart-strings she'll untie.
Pained with failure, she weeps. Her shoulders
shake
And needles - browned with despair fall on
this boy
Who stirs under the weight of her tears, and
wakes.
Moved by her tender inspiration he reaches
with joy
And touches his lips to her bough -
Kissing the tender figure of a woman-now.

Plagued

Quarantined - my delirium clamors -
Quickening the epidemic of despair.
Infected by patterns -
I claw at stagnation,
Pouring out the angry screams
Of rebellion.
Struggling -
Fevered and sweating,
Resisting -
The acute agony of swollen habits,
Indignantly protesting -
The essence absurdly festered by existence.